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ROBERT W. RUIH, Editor. SUMPTER S. SMITH, Manager.

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Ye Smudge Pot

By Arthur Parry.

The bright May sunshine will lure scores of people "out in the open" tomorrow, but not all of the candidates.

Great Britain has refused to give Russia a loan. This is a form of chisel-headed nuttiness upon which the United States of America has sole and exclusive rights.

WHAT CAN HE WANT (Chico Enterprise) Gentlemen: Will you please send me a specimen copy of the Farm Mechanics? I would like a sample of the Farm Mechanics very much.

There is nothing that remains undone to make the fruit crop a success, except a strike of hind-end brakemen, when the Bartlett's begin to ripen.

If the state of Oregon could get as hysterical over the development of its natural resources, as it does over politics, the commonwealth would have more smokestacks and less oratory.

FOR JIGGS FANS (Con. from yes.) "But, say, St. Peter, it seems to me this gate isn't kept as it ought to be. You ought to stand right by the opening there.

St. Peter sat quiet and stroked his staff. But in spite of his office he had to laugh.

Then he arose in his stature tall, and pressed a button upon the wall, and said to the imp who answered the bell.

St. Peter was silent with head bent down; He raised his head and scratched his crown;

Then, seeming a different thought to take, Slowly half to himself he spake;

"Thirty years with that woman there, No wonder the man hasn't any hair. Swearing is picked; smoking's not good;

He smoked and swore—I should think he would! "Thirty years with that tongue so sharp—

Ho! Angel Gabriel! Give him a harp; A jeweled harp with a golden string. Good sir, pass in where the angels sing.

And Gabriel gave him a seat alone, One with a cushion, up near the throne "Call up some angels to play their best;

For Jiggs has surely earned a rest. "See that on finest ambrosia he feeds. He's had about all the hell he needs. It isn't hardly the thing to do—

To roast him on earth and in the future, too." They gave him a harp with golden strings.

A glittering robe and a pair of wings. And Jiggs, looking down from his high level,

Thought of Maggie and felt sorry for the devil. (Finis)

HOW THEY DO THINGS IN CALIFORNIA.

THEY know how to do things in California. They have no better climate, no greater resources, but they have a marvellous spirit of united action and constructive accomplishment.

Take California's attitude toward the Ku Klux Klan for example. Every thinking person knows that if the K. K. K. should gain control in California, business would be dead. Injecting religious and racial hatreds, encouraging lawlessness and violence in any community, turns neighbor against neighbor, friend against friend and renders any worth while constructive accomplishment impossible.

So the people of California as a whole, have united against this trouble making order, and led by every influential newspaper in the state and every prosecuting attorney from Los Angeles to Willows, they are proceeding to drive the masked marauders from the confines of the commonwealth.

What is the result? The Grand Master of the Masons in California has condemned the K. K. K. and forbidden Klansmen to enter the order, the Supreme Chancellor of the Knights of Pythias, in San Francisco today announced he will request the suspension of any member of the organization found to belong to the Ku Klux Klan, and declared a definite stand will be taken at the K. P. convention in August. In Los Angeles, in Sacramento in San Francisco, public officials in the Klan have been tumbling over themselves to get out of it, while the Elks lodge of Sacramento has declared no "Good Elks" can belong to it.

Consequently in a few weeks, the K. K. K. will have no more capacity for trouble in California than a last year's bird's nest. This is as it should be. It is essentially right. But it is not only good morals. It is good business.

As usual, when prosperity and well being and the get-together spirit are concerned, California points the way.

that a man who publicly denounces such outrages as were perpetrated against these people, makes himself unfit to sit in judgment upon the rights of his fellow citizens.

It is my humble opinion that a man who hasn't the conviction to express himself frankly and emphatically and unmistakably against these unlawful acts and put his denunciation in such language that he can not be misunderstood, lacks one of the essential qualifications to sit in judgment upon the rights of his fellow citizens, for one of the inalienable rights of a man is to have his person protected from such outrages.

Does Mr. Anderson want anyone upon the bench who countenances these outrages? And if he doesn't why should he object to his candidate for circuit judge expressing himself fully and frankly upon the question? Is he fearful that there are a bunch of votes that he might lose if he expressed himself frankly?

It is more to be preferred to be right upon a question of this kind than it is to get votes, and when the question of mob violence is a matter of issue before the people of a community, there is no time for the exercise of such diplomacy as will bring votes at the expense of a plain, straightforward statement of where a candidate stands upon the question involved.

I have no other position to take upon this question except the one which I now take in this letter, and which I took in my previous letter, and which is emphatically against mob violence, and for the protection of the inalienable rights of my fellow citizens.

Very truly yours, GUS NEWBURY. Medford, May 13th, 1922.

Lampman Answers Colvig.

To the Editor: It is the poet Horace who tells us that once upon a time "The mountain labored and brought forth a mouse." This ancient proverb has been recalled by Judge Colvig's article in The Mail Tribune of the 12th inst, wherein he essayed to comply with my request for proof of his allegations against the Ku Klux Klan; supplementary to which he made demand—not request, as he now states—that the candidates for local office publicly define their several attitudes towards that organization.

It will be recalled that my request was simply that he file a bill of particulars, accompanied by the proof, in the matter of his contentions that the clan was an organized band of midnight marauders, guilty of the commission of about all the offenses enumerated in the entire calendar of crime. It will also be remembered that I did not then, nor do I now impeach the Judge's veracity, but only insisted that he produce his proof. Having such proof I would then be in position to join with him and other respecters of the law in denouncing these malefactors.

To this appeal the Judge has been finally moved to make reply, which contains neither proof nor information, but rather bunk, pure and simple. Here, in brief, is his entire case. During the past year numerous outrages have been committed by gangs of masked men in Texas, who branded the letters K. K. K. on the persons of their victims. The newspapers, credited these outrages to the Ku Klux Klan and, because no other secret society was so charged the Ku Klux must needs have been guilty. Logical and entirely convincing, is it not? If evidence of this character is ample to convince Judge Colvig of the guilt of one accused of the commission of a heinous crime, then God forbid that he or any man possessed of similar breadth of judicial mind should ever be permitted to sit upon the bench as a trial judge. With all due respect to the press, more than forty years of newspaper work has convinced me that, considered as proof, mere newspaper statements should ever be taken with a liberal allowance of chloride of sodium.

For nearly a century the charge has been made by the enemies of the mighty Masonic fraternity that that order has not only countenanced, but actually caused to be perpetrated, a deliberate and cold-blooded murder. Of course that charge has never been proven, and consequently has not been believed other than by the approved enemies of that order. "Rumor and newspaper report" upon which Mr. Colvig places reliance, has not always dealt kindly towards even so great and good a man as the Judge himself, but wanting confirmation these irresponsible fulminations properly made no impression on the public mind as being worthy of credence.

I note with admiration the facility with which the Judge quotes from Holy Writ, although I am reminded that so good an authority as Shakespeare declares that "The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose." I also note that the Judge reiterates the statement that he is suspicious. Here again it is the immortal Bard of Avon, who admonishes us that "Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind; the thief doth fear each bush an officer." Of course neither of these quotations have personal application to the dear old Judge, whom we all love, save in a Pickwickian sense.

One thing, however, the Judge has succeeded in making plain and that is that the local Klansmen stand convicted of having at divers times appeared in public places, robed in ghastly habiliments and wearing masks. In this horrible guise they have even had the temerity to in-

trude the churches of Medford while sacred services were in progress, lay their benefactions on the very altar, after which they have respectfully withdrawn without having disclosed their identity. And this is the whole head and front of their proved offending. Simply horrible to contemplate, isn't it?

In view of all this, and for the present at least, this writer refuses to regard the local Ku Klux Klan as being composed of either seraphs or demons, and therefore he absolutely refuses to join with Judge Colvig in the cry of "Crucify them!" Meanwhile he will content himself by judging them by their proven acts, for "by their works ye shall know them."

H. H. LAMPMAN. Central Point, May 13, 1922.

Anderson Answers Kelly.

To the Editor: It was purely for republican consumption that I wrote my harmony article appearing in the Tribune of last Thursday. I specifically disavowed any disposition to criticize the democratic candidate for Judge, and it was an attack from an entirely unexpected quarter when in yesterday's Tribune I find Colonel Kelly pointing an accusing finger at me. Now it just seems impossible to satisfy those boys who have slipped a mental cog over this K. K. K. business. They have worked themselves into such a sweat that they can't see that in one year from now or sooner there will not be a single hooded or sheeted figure in the great free Republican north. There may be some excuse for them in the old Durbin machine-controlled, illiterate democratic south, but there can be no permanent place for them in that section of our beloved country where there is free speech, a free press, and a free ballot.

The Colonel charges me with being influenced by my "intense partisan feeling." Now as an illustration of my intense partisanship, I am going to make a bashful confession—some years ago when the Colonel was a candidate for prosecuting attorney I voted for him. I went even further than that in my partisanship—I persuaded five or six other feeble minded republicans to do the same. However, since that time my sins have been forgiven.

I am now going to divulge something else. Secretly the Colonel has always been my ideal of what a double fisted, peppery, fighting man should be—my opinion of what sort of a judge he would make is another story. And then, you know, I have promised myself not to interfere in the troubles of the democratic party.

I am grieved beyond words to express, at the foul intimation contained in the last paragraph of the Colonel's communication. If it had not been for my disinclination to youch for anything democratic, I could have included him in the "clean bill of health" that I was able to give our two candidates.

BERT ANDERSON.

HON. WILL H. HAYS

EX-CHAIRMAN, REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE



Telegraphs R. E. WILLIAMS

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

A152NY 03 Blue F New York NY 1205 P May 5 1922 Ralph E. Williams.

Republican National Committee, Portland, Oregon.

My friends have told me that you are a candidate for re-election as Republican National Committeeman this year, and I am constrained to send just this word of appreciation for your splendid service on the committee all the time that I was chairman. Your election as vice-chairman of the national committee was the fullest possible evidence of the committee's gratitude to you and their confidence in your great future usefulness to the committee and to the party. In this I join most heartily. Kindest regards and best wishes always, WILL H. HAYS.

VOTE X 13

EDITORIAL from MORNING OREGONIAN

MR. WILLIAMS FOR COMMITTEE. Man

Will H. Hays, who but lately retired as chairman of the republican national committee, pays tribute in a telegram to the service performed to the republican party by the committeeman for Oregon, Ralph E. Williams. Mr. Hays should know. His testimony may be accepted as something more than a mere polite and formal expression of approval, to be expected from one member of the organization for another; for it is supported by the entire committee, which, not many months ago, by unanimous vote of the representatives of forty-eight states elected Mr. Williams vice-chairman. He is the oldest member in point of service, and it is obvious—it is not denied by anyone—that his standing with the heads of the republican party is very high. The national committeeman in a party job. It pays nothing in salary but it carries many responsibilities, and calls for work. Its rewards are, of course, recognition of leadership, and the prestige and influence that go with it. Mr. Williams has been the committeeman for Oregon for four years, and is a candidate for re-election. There is no good reason why he should not be re-elected; there are good reasons why he should be. He is the most obvious and unambiguous of which is that he has a high place with the committee, is on terms of intimacy and confidence with the national leaders of the republican party, is in line for the national chairmanship, and can, and doubtless will, perform service which no new man, whatever his qualities, can possibly perform. The Oregonian is reluctant to interfere in the contest for national chairmanship; but the advantages to the republican party in Oregon of Mr. Williams' election are so plain that it feels that it should point them out.

VOTE X 13

(Paid Adv. by Committee of Republicans, C. L. Starr, Sec'y, 617 Board of Trade Bldg., Portland, Oregon.)

Elect IKE PATTERSON

REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR GOVERNOR

at the primaries Friday, May 19.



He is a man of rare personality and proved executive ability. Here, briefly, is his story: Isaac Lee Patterson was born in Benton County, Oregon, in 1859. Attended country schools and worked his way through Christian College, Monmouth. Became a successful merchant in Salem. In 1894 was elected State Senator from Marion County. In 1898 was appointed Collector of Customs at Portland, by President McKinley; re-appointed by President Roosevelt in 1902.

A Record of Achievement

WHILE he was collector, the business of Mr. Patterson's office practically doubled yet he reduced the cost of running his office by \$6,380 a year. Since 1906 has been a successful farmer at Eola, Polk County. In 1919 and 1921 served as State Senator from Polk County. As chairman of Senate Finance Committee led the fight against wholesale salary increase bills and defeated most of them. In 1921 voted against increasing Governor's salary.

Vote for Patterson and Stop this Waste!

Since 1913 State taxes have increased 748.7 per cent! This gross extravagance must be stopped! Mr. Patterson has pledged that when elected he will make a substantial decrease in your state taxes by efficient and economical administration. A vote for Senator Patterson is a vote for clean, economical business-like government.

PATTERSON CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE 201 Imperial Hotel Portland, Oregon Paid Adv.

Save Money on Flour

CRATER LAKE, an excellent Hard Wheat bleached flour, per sack of 49 lbs. \$2.10 SNOWY BUTTE, made from Rogue River Valley Blue Stem Wheat, sack of 49 lbs. \$1.85

Whitaker's Cash and Carry Grocery

CHANGE IN SCHEDULE

EFFECTIVE FEB. 1, 1922 MEDFORD—ROSEBURG STAGES

Daily Except Sunday LV. MEDFORD 10 A. M. LV. ROSEBURG 1.00 P. M.

GRANTS PASS-MEDFORD STAGES Daily and Sunday

Leave Medford— 10.00 A. M. 1.00 P. M. 4.30 P. M. Leave Grants Pass— 10.00 A. M. 1.00 P. M. 4.45 P. M.

Fares: Medford-Grants Pass, \$1.15; Grants Pass-Roseburg, \$0.00; Medford-Roseburg \$4.15.

Quill Points

In the spring a divorcee's fancy lightly turns to some other love.

Pshaw! Now Russia and Germany must tear up that treaty and make a secret one.

The newest addition to the list of hazardous occupations is that of quoting Mr. Wilson.

It's easy to form an eternal triangle if the woman isn't square and the man is a rounder.

The allies think we have deserted them just because we don't get excited every time they do.

Ours should be a stable government. Congress certainly manufactures enough stalls.

It might help some to take a little less scientific interest in ancestors and a little more in progeny.

Poverty may not encourage virtue, but perhaps you have noticed that the man with the hoe is seldom a rake.

When a stranger asks a girl to ride in his car, her acceptance is a confession that she's that kind of girl.

The kid rules mother, mother rules father, and father is doing well if he is able to exercise any influence over the house cat.

Wicked movie stars may be off the screen, but you still have the fun of reading about 'em in the public prints.

Civil service men will never feel safe, however, until parties as well as presidents are limited to a single term.

Getting cheerful messages from the dead won't help. What the world needs is a few cheerful messages from the dead-beats.



Rippling Rhymes

Walt Mason MORAL SUASION.

JAMES BAXTER TWIGG drank lemon pop, prune crush and onionade, and other deadly kinds of slop, of drugs and dye-stuffs made. And people roasted J. B. Twigg, they climbed him every day, they said he was a blooming pig to drink that sort of whey; they jawed him till his sorrel wig soon changed to wintry gray. Oh, now and then we see a gent with stubbornness endowed; he is so built he will resent the preaching of the crowd; though in his head we make a dent, that head is still unbowed. I thought it wasn't strictly wise to roast James Baxter Twigg, for there was brooding in his eyes a spirit strong and big, the soul of one who faints and dies before he quits the jig. And so I said to him, "Oh, James your neighbors make you sore, and jawing gents and doleful dames have made your life a bore; if you would queer their moral games, you'll do what they implore. For months they have surrounded you, and raised their daily storm, and tried to pound you black and blue with language rich and warm; I often wonder what they'd do, if haply you'd reform." James Baxter Twigg, he winked three winks, and said, "Your rede is kind, and I'll cut out those noxious drinks which have unbinged my mind, and laugh at all the busy ginks who've talked me deaf and blind!"

COMMUNICATIONS

Newbury Answers Anderson. To the Editor: My attention has been directed to the letter of Bert Anderson in regard to "Republicans who appear to be greatly disturbed over the present situation, and who are insisting that all candidates take sides in the public press."

Mr. Anderson knows that there were three outrages perpetrated upon three citizens in the community which is true greatly distressed the law-abiding citizens of the community, because these outrages were plainly in

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